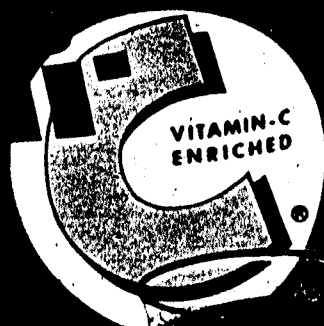
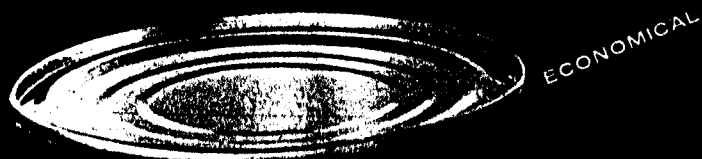


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Today

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HOME AND FAMILY

Hostess Aprons	26
Recipes From Europe	29
Antiques of Tobacco	38
Strawberry Recipes	40
Dual-Purpose Hassocks	42

GENERAL

Hats for Summer Flattery	10
She's Quite a Doll	12
For Neat Hair	20
Delaware Valley Almanac	22
History in Plastic	34

LIVING TODAY

Keep Your Chin Up	5
Bicycles and Gray Hair	6
Menotti's Festival	30
In Wooden Shoes	36

DEPARTMENTS

Antiques	38
Beauty	20
Cameroddities	32
Confident Living	5
Craft Patterns	45
Crossword	44
Fashions	10
Food	29, 40
Fun for Young Uns	29
Handyman	42
Needlework	45
On a Shoestring	26
Picture Quiz	18
Puzzles	18, 44
Your Neighbors	14

FICTION

A Gentleman From Argentina, by Jack Ritchie and Irma Reitci	8
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PEOPLE

Two Months' Fun	14
Accordionist Is PAL	14
The Sunday Suit	17
South Philadelphia's Darren	24

Today We Remember:

THE Reserve Officers' Training Corps will be 42 years old on Tuesday. Authorized by the National Defense Act of 1916, the Corps trains officers during peacetime who serve in time of war. The ROTC program, which includes the Army, Navy and Air Force, is offered in high schools, military institutions, colleges and universities.

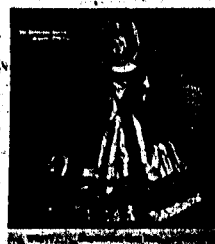
Prior to the Act, a "hit-or-miss" system was used when bestowing rank in volunteer military units. Often commissions were granted on the basis of political influence alone. The ROTC, however, provided a course of instruction which made trainees eligible for the rank of second lieutenant upon graduation. This training period is four years in colleges, including six weeks in summer camp at the end of the third year.

The ROTC was weak during the First World War. In fact, the plan was laid aside until 1920. However, it was a different story in the Second World War, when some 100,000 graduates saw action. Their grades ranged from lieutenants to generals.

Today, there are some 140,000 students taking ROTC courses in 253 national institutions of higher learning.

ON THE COVER

THIS is Miss Flora McFlimsy, a doll who wears her 17 years and her clothes gracefully. Of both she has plenty. Miss Flora, who "lives" at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust st., will observe her 94th "birthday" next Saturday. As for clothes, she has enough to make many another doll cry in envy. Like Miss Flora herself, the doll's abundant wardrobe was created in 1864, and still is in excellent condition. Miss Flora started "life" as an exhibit at a "Sanitary Fair" held in Philadelphia to raise funds for the Union Army in the Civil War. For more about Miss Flora McFlimsy and how she acquired her unusual name, see Page 12.



THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, JUNE 1, 1958

A GENTLEMAN FROM ARGENTINA

A gay Latin blade uses finesse in lassoing the girl he loves

By Jack Ritchie and Irma Reitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES A. TALONE

THE lady have very haughty expression. It intrigue me. Also, she is very much blonde and have the so blue eyes.

I ask Diego Consalvo for introduction to Miss Alicia Marlowe at the season's first Embassy Ball in Washington.

He is reluctant to do so, but he is not lucky at cards.

His father own five percent of the cattle in Argentina and he hate gambling like low beef price. Consalvo will receive nothing in inheritance if he touch the card. Especially if he lose. Consalvo lose more than his allowance accommodate and is in debt to me.

After the introduction, I give Consalvo the special look.

"Fernando's father is the possessor of many cattle ranches in Argentina," he say unwillingly. "Also, he has just completed education in your Colorado. He have degree in mining engineering."

"Oh?" Alicia say slow. Her eyes have the flicker of interest. "Are you going back to Argentina soon to work in the mines?"

There are no mines in Argentina. At least very few. I learn mining so that my father cannot put me to work.

"Possibly," I say. "But maybe I help my father with the ranches."

She laugh light and gay. "I'll just bet your father owns all the cattle in Argentina."

"He has a mere half," I say modestly. This is not true. He owns only 20 percent, but Alicia's perfume enchants me.

The orchestra begin to play and I offer my arm. She take it and we glide agilely upon the floor.

"You have eyes like the blue ice of the Andes," I whisper in her ear.

She smile.

"When the last music has been played, may I have the honor to escort you home?" I ask.

She look uncertain for a moment, then nod agreement.

Later, in the taxi, we make small talk.

"I got tired of life on our plantation in Alabama," Alicia say. "I thought a modeling job in Washington would be fun. Not that I have to work for a living, of course."

"Naturally not," I agree.

"Perhaps you'd like to come up for a drink?" Alicia say.

"My forlorn hope is realized," I say gallantly and pay the taxi driver.

We walk up three flights of stairs. When Alicia open the door of her

apartment, I see a girl sitting at a table. She have light brown hair and wears shell-rimmed glasses. Many books are scattered on the table before her.

"Jenny!" Alicia say in surprise. "I thought you'd be in bed hours ago."

I notice Alicia's voice assume different quality when she talk to Jenny.

"This is my sister, Jenny," Alicia explain. "She goes to college."

Jenny give me searching look. "I'll have a good-night drink with you before I retire," she declare.

Alicia have a glare for her as she pass by and go into the kitchen.

"I am Fernando de Fajardo," I say. "I have a degree in mining engineering. You are perhaps learning something useful too, Miss Jenny?"

"Literature," she say.

We regard each other for a while in silence. I notice Jenny have gray eyes.

Soon she return her eyes to her book and pretend to be reading.

Alicia come back with drinks, and we take our glasses.

There is iciness between the sisters and very little talk. I finish my drink and rise.

"I will call you tomorrow," I say.

"It's been a lovely evening," Alicia say. Her smile is exclusive for me.

"Happy engineering," Jenny say in dry voice. "Good night."

I have intention to sleep until noon next day, but at ten o'clock there is a loud knock at my door.

"It's Bill Flanagan," a booming voice informs me. "Open up."

I shudder. When I room with Bill at Colorado, I find it is great exercise to be his friend.

He come charging into room. "Fernando, you Latin lover, have you missed me? Has life been dull?"

He begin punching me hard on the arms.

This is a peculiar North American custom among men. They meet. They begin to punch one another.

"I am glad to see you, my friend," I say as I feel my bruised biceps. "What has brought you to Washington?"

"Restlessness, I guess. But what's the difference? I'm here and ready for a good time," he say. "Hand me your little black book and I'll pick two blind."

I shake my head. "They would be jealous of each other. But I will call this new one, Miss Marlowe. She will have a friend."

That evening, Alicia is waiting with a smile of dazzlement for me. Jenny is also dressed for going out.

"Ah!" I say. "You are the other woman?"

"Sure," Jenny say: "Alicia doesn't like competition."

I perform the introductions and Bill blink and stare when he see Alicia. However, she quickly show him how things are by taking my arm and leading me away.

Bill have heard of a place called The Blue Boat, and it is there he insist we go.

It is as I fear. The musicians are making great noise. They rise from their chairs and sit down again with regularity. They roll their eyes heavenward. Or perhaps it is not heaven.

There are no waiters. Bill leave us to get drinks.

"He is crazy," I say, "but he is my friend and he have oil wells in Texas."

"Oil wells?" Alicia say. Her eyes assume the look of thoughtfulness.

Bill come back with the drinks and Alicia smile that he has returned safely.

Jenny adjust her glasses and gaze at the patrons. "I should have majored in psychology," she say.

The clarinetist attempt now to play louder than any of the others and he succeed. The audience applaud his valiance.

The band then unites with enthusiasm and becomes red in the face.

The audience begin to shout, "Go! Go! Go!"

It is rude to shout thus, but I find I am in complete agreement.

I rise and join them. "Go! Go! Go!"

However, the band have ceased with suddenness and I am the only one who expresses the common sentiment. I nonchalantly resume my seat.

"I don't think you quite get the idea," Bill say to me.

"Tell me about this kind of music," Alicia implore Bill. "I think it's absolutely fascinating."

"Well, that's Skeeter Boy Jones on the drums," Bill say. "Bug Eye Williams on the horn, Electric Fingers Elroy on the eighty-eight, Solid Lip Jackson on the clarinet and Henry Smith on the bass."

"What's wrong with Henry?" I ask. "Has he no personality?"

While Bill talk about the music, Alicia nod her head often in agreement.

When at last we leave, the band is still playing. It has never taken the instructions to depart, despite much insistence.

The week that follows is spent hectic. Always we go to places that are made to enjoy ourselves with relaxation.

Jenny and I talk much with each



other. Bill and Alicia speak a curious language that cannot be American English.

Then one evening, it all come to an end.

Jenny open the door of Alicia's apartment. She regard me with compassion and hand me a lilac envelope.

I take out a note.

"Dear Fernando," it say. "I know this will be a great shock to you, but I fell madly in love with Bill the first night I met him. He and I were married this afternoon. We're taking the first plane to Dallas. Alicia."

"Alas!" I moan, holding my head.

"I'm so terribly, terribly sorry," Jenny say tearfully.

I walk to the window and stare out. My shoulders are dejected. "I think I shall leap from this window and end this cruel existence," I say.

It is three stories down and I wince as I contemplate.

"You mustn't feel like that," Jenny say, putting her hand on my shoulder. "You can't let this defeat you."

After a moment I straighten my shoulders. "You are right," I say bravely.

Jenny is overcome with my courage.

"But I must have someone to talk to tonight," I say. "Jenny, will you be the one?"

"Yes," she say with sympathy and a new light in her eyes. "I wouldn't dream of leaving you alone tonight."

"Somewhere with soft lights and soft music, perhaps?" I suggest.

Jenny nod assent and go to her room to dress.

And at once I remember I must examine my wallet to see if there is sufficient money for the evening. There is enough.

It is true that Bill Flanagan have two oil wells in Texas.

However, no oil come out.

I have to lend him the money so he can marry Alicia and take her to Dallas.

"Jenny," I say softly when she come back. "You have eyes like the gray ice of the Andes."

She press my hand.

When we walk down the stairs I drop my little black book into the trash can.

"Have you ever been to Argentina, Jenny?" I ask.

THE END



"This is my sister, Jenny," Alicia said, and glared at her as she went into the kitchen. "I am Fernando de Fajardo," I say.